

ACADEMY HERALD



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BETHEL, MAINE.

VOL. V, NO. 1.

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OF THE ACADEMY

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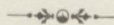
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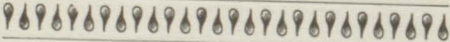
Dedication.



TO THE

FORMER STUDENTS AND
TEACHERS

of Gould's Academy,
both those who appreciated our needs
and contributed so generously for their relief
on Reunion day, and those who
appreciated those needs just as
much and whose loyalty and desire
to contribute was just as great, we, the
students of Gould's Academy
gratefully dedicate this
number of
THE HERALD.



THE ACADEMY HERALD.

VOL. V. BETHEL, MAINE, NOVEMBER, 1900. NO. 1.

ACADEMY HERALD

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
GOULD'S ACADEMY.

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Editorial Notes.

AT LAST! "What?" you say. Why, just what you, as friends, and we, as students, have long been waiting and hoping for. At a meeting of the former students of the Academy, on September 10, 1900, an Alumni Association was permanently organized, and a constitution and by-laws adopted. This is something that has been long needed, and something that should have been formed long ago, in order to create and maintain a lively interest in the school on the part of its former students. The constitution has been so framed that under certain conditions former students, who are not graduates can become members. This is a wise provision, as the number of G. A.'s graduates is small in proportion to those who have entered her halls to spend but a few terms; and we all know that the loyalty and love of the latter is just as true as that of the former. We had an example of this loyalty, and what it can lead to, last August at the Reunion; and we hope that this Association will uphold this spirit, and carry it even farther. Another thing that has gladdened our hearts, recently, is the generous offer of Capt. R. B. Grover of Brockton, Mass., to give to the Academy a dormitory, just as soon as the number of students shall reach one hundred and fifty. A dormitory is one thing more that is needed to make the equipment of Gould's Academy complete: and here we have one almost within our grasp. We now have just one hundred and three names on the roll—more than double the number when Principal Hanscom

took charge of the school three years ago—and we hope that it may not be many terms, we will not say years, before the dormitory will be ours.



WE wonder how many of the students realize that the success of the HERALD rests largely with them; how many of them realize that without their aid it must be a partial failure. To be sure, all can not aid in the construction of the paper, but each one can, at least, purchase a copy, instead of borrowing a second-hand edition of some student more loyal than himself. We are sure that each student has some friend who would be glad to receive a copy of the HERALD, and if each student would purchase two copies, one for himself and one for a friend, it would aid, very materially, the financial success of the publication.



IN our efforts to secure advertising for our school paper, we are met, many times, with the assertion that there is no return from the advertising. As the financial success of our paper depends partially, if not wholly, upon this department, we would advise, or rather suggest, that each and every student use his best endeavors to patronize those who have patronized us. In this way, we can show our advertisers that an advertisement in the HERALD will yield prompt and sure returns.



WHAT higher standard could be placed before the students, than that expressed in our school motto, "To thine own self be true"? Never did human father give more useful advice to his son, than is found in these words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Polonius. To be true to ourselves should be, first, last, and ever, our highest aim; it should, indeed, be "above all." On this hinges all other relations. If

we succeed in this, it must follow

"As the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man."

As we look at this motto, ever before us in our schoolroom, may we see, not the letters and words only, may we look beyond and read its deeper meaning; and when tempted to be untrue to ourselves (especially at examination times), may our motto stand between us and temptation.



IT is only a small task to repeat a quotation when called upon at the morning exercises; but do we appreciate the value of committing to memory the finest passages of prose and verse? If we would exercise greater care in the selection of our quotations, choosing those that we can understand and appreciate, and learning them so that we can repeat them understandingly to others, we soon would have a store of pure and noble thoughts with which to entertain ourselves during those solitary hours when the mind so readily falls back on its own resources. The practice of giving quotations, adopted in most schools, is valuable, not only for the reasons already mentioned, but is conducive to facility of expression, and should never be neglected by those who aspire to the art of speaking.



THE old proverb, "A man is known by the company he keeps," is just as true, to-day, as when it first was uttered. As one diseased sheep in a flock will, in time, affect all the others, so one evil associate will, eventually, undermine and destroy our characters. If we would grow and broaden, morally, spiritually, and intellectually, we must exercise especial care in the selection of our companions. And next to the influence of our friends and associates, is the influence of books. Let us, then, select such companions and read only such books as will arouse within us nobler thoughts and higher aspirations.

THE value of the Reading Room as a factor in education is coming to be appreciated more and more during these last days of the nineteenth century; and we are pleased to note the increasing interest shown by our students in this department of our school. It is true that some students have, in the past, abused the use of the Reading Room, making it a place in which to idle away their time at recess or during the noon hour. Such students seldom make more than a pretense of reading, and when they do, the papers or magazines are thrown carelessly down instead of being returned to their proper places. This term, all the students have been placed on their honor not to talk aloud or make any disturbance in the Reading Room at any time. The result is a noticeable improvement. Those who had previously considered this room a convenient loafing-place, now find the atmosphere a little too close for comfort; while those who go there for a legitimate purpose are permitted to read in quiet and with profit.

INHERITANCE.

God pity them all! God pity the worst! for the worst
are reckless and need it most:
When we trace the causes why lives are curst with
the criminal taint, let no man boast;
The race is not run with equal chance: the poor man's
son carries double weight;
Who have not, are tempted; inheritance is a blight
or a blessing of man's estate.

—Lowell.

INFINITY.

The Infinite always is silent:
It is only the Finite that speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science,
Explain, decide, and discuss;
But only in meditation
The Mystery speaks to us.

—Lowell.

Literary.

The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau.

WE went from Munich to Ober-Ammergau on a hot afternoon, one of the few German exceptions to a summer which gave us otherwise absolutely perfect weather. The country through which we traveled was much like rural New England. The mountains had a homelike, familiar look not unlike our own Bethel hills. The flora seemed largely that of our Maine woods. The farmhouses were not as quaint and unfamiliar as those of Holland, France, or even England or Scotland. When we dared let ourselves remember our geography, there was a sense of remoteness in the Bavarian Tyrol, that we had not felt in such homesick fashion elsewhere. But when geography was forgotten, (which it generally was, there and everywhere, alas!) there was less that was strange and unaccustomed to American eyes than in any country we had seen.

The coaches of the long train were largely filled with English speaking people. Wilted American shirt waists were much in evidence at every station where the thirsty passengers rushed frantically about for drink. And it was in a group of our own compatriots, that we found ourselves when the despairing engines balked on one of the steep up-grades just before we reached Ober-Ammergau, with a more distressed screech than usual (and such blood-curdling screeches and screams as continental engines do have!) and we were turned out on a grassy slope, to be taken up the hill in relays.

We reached the queer little mountain-framed village in a rain, of course. There, as in Scotland, it feels obliged to rain every few minutes.

At the station, the picturesque costumes of the peasants began the impression of strange-

ness which we had anticipated in our pilgrimage to the Passion Play. The men wore long flowing hair, crowned with the round, feather-adorned Tyrolese hats, green, to match the cape and short trousers. The calves of the legs were covered with something like a knitted wriester, worn so as to leave the knees and ankles bare, and on the stockingless feet were long shoes with pointed, turned-up toes.

We began at once to look for the actors in the Passion Play. One beautiful little fellow, with a wealth of long golden curls, was found to be Benjamin. But upon turning him about for inspection, we found that his poor little nose was shockingly scratched and bruised. With the habit of years upon me, I began to be troubled. I had gotten up things myself and knew what it meant to have parts drop out. I was even more concerned when, the next morning, from my window in the peasant's cottage, I saw that shiftless little scamp, playing in the street, with the most free and easy air, not twenty minutes before the play should begin. *How* his mother was going to get him home and have those hands and that face washed in time, I, who had had experience in such things, could not see. But she did, for he duly appeared. And they had managed the nose business too. His face was discreetly and affectionately buried in Jacob's neck. This is the only light and trifling touch about the Passion Play; and this is in prelude.

I have hesitated to write, as I have been asked to do, upon the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, partly because one's impressions are not easily analyzed, partly because, in the face of all that has been written, it seems presumptuous to give one's own unimportant opinions. I can promise for this wholly inadequate sketch but one merit, that of honesty, a quality it seems to me sometimes wanting in articles upon this subject.

Everybody knows the story; how love brought death. How, in the seventeenth

century, when a fearful plague swept through the Bavarian Tyrol, this little village, protected by its mountain barriers and a vigorous quarantine, was, for a long time, spared. How Caspar Schlucher, a young husband, who worked in a neighboring village, impelled by his longing for home and wife and children, evaded the quarantine and returned to them. A terrible retribution followed. In two days he died, and the plague spread with such fearful haste that, in twenty days, eighty-four of the villagers had perished. Where the plague struck, death followed. Then the Ober-Ammergauans assembled. They remembered their sins that day. They would repent. If the plague might be stayed, in token of penitence and gratitude, they would perform, every ten years, the Passion Play. The plague was stayed. Those who were already smitten, recovered, nor did any others fall victims. And the vow has been kept. Every ten years since 1642, the Passion Play has been given. In 1870, the Christ was called down from the cross to serve in the Franco-Prussian War, but the play was given the following year. To a good priest, Daisenberger, who labored for years among these simple people, is due the conversion of the rude mystery or Miracle play of the Middle Ages into the present drama.

As I said, impressions are not easily stated. People flock in thousands to the tiny village, not nearly as large as Bethel. They must have beds, food, souvenirs. This invasion of the outside world changes the little mountain village, into a busy *caravansarie*. Saturday evening, the little shops, for wood carvings and photographs are thronged by a cosmopolitan crowd, and these children of light show themselves wise in their day and generation. Everything is at exorbitant rates. Lodgings in the peasants' houses are more than at the best Munich hotels. This business aspect is inevitable, but from many points of view, it is unfortunate.

The experience is novel. Bartholemew hands you your soup at table. You buy photographs of John. Mary, the mother of Jesus, is your hostess. That young potter, striding home through the village streets, is the Christus. Your landlady tells you, upon your curious inquiry that, "*Judas ist ein sehr lustiger mann, und er ist ein guter nachbor.*" (A very gay, happy man, and a good neighbor.)

At five o'clock Sunday morning, mass is held in the quaint little parish church. At eight, the play begins, and lasts till half-past five with an hour for lunch. The theatre is not unlike other theatres, the only unique feature being that between the audience and the stage, is an open space of perhaps thirty feet, through which the sunlight and rain pour indiscriminately. The stage is admirably planned for spectacular effect. On each side are handsome gateways with massive steps. One serves as the entrance to Pilate's house, one to that of Caiphas, the high priest. The groupings before these entrances, at certain points in the play, make a marvelously striking effect. Each act is preceded by a tableau from the Old Testament. Some are extremely simple, some very elaborate and complex, involving several hundred characters. In all, the grouping and color effect are simply wonderful, as is the perfect immobility of the figures.

In order to explain the meaning of the typical tableaux, and prepare the audience for the coming scene, a chorus of Schutzgeister or guardian angels, is employed. The Choragus first recites some verses, then the chorus bursts into song, accompanied by a hidden orchestra. The tinkle of a bell is heard, and the chorus draw back to reveal the tableau. These singers betray the only touch of the peasant that one detects in the play. The poses of the actors are generally fine, much of the acting, noticeably that of Judas, wonderfully good. But in the chorus some of the women stood awkwardly like peasants, and I was glad to see it. The dress of the cho-

rus is exceedingly effective. All wear coronets with a cross in the centre, and are habited in white under tunics with gold trimming and bright-colored robes falling from the shoulder, girdled at the waist with gold cords. Twice these gorgeous robes are changed for black, immediately before, and after the crucifixion. This year, Josef Mayer, the old Christus, acted as Choragus, and a more imposing figure one could hardly conceive.

One is impressed by the seriousness, simplicity, and reverence of the actors. Nowhere is there anything to shock the religious sense. Rarely is one's artistic taste in the smallest degree offended. The crowing of the cock at Peter's denial is too crudely realistic, and one regrets the appearance of a blue-robed angel in the Garden of Gethsemane. With those exceptions, there could hardly have been the least occasion for criticism.

The part of the Christus is taken for the first time this year by Anton Lang, a man of extreme grace of expression, and calm and gentle dignity of bearing. One wonders where, in facial expression, in attitude, in gesture, he falls short of one's conception of the Divine Man. The necessary strain upon his voice in making himself heard by that vast audience, removed too often the touching quality of pathos and tenderness. That is why perhaps the washing of the disciples' feet at the Last Supper, an act repeated twelve times in perfect silence, was incomparably touching.

Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus were strong, beautiful characters. The scene in the Sanhedrin, where they defend the Christus, was especially fine, the brilliant costuming, and stately poses of the vindictive rabbis giving a marvelously striking spectacular effect.

The Virgin Mary was a young woman of exceedingly attractive face and bearing, and we were told, of great beauty of character. Her impersonation suffered by the inevitably strained voice, as did all others, except such as required strong, stentorian tones, like that

of Pilate,—a splendid characterization,—or the Rabbis, or the impetuous Peter. Veronica, silently kneeling and offering her handkerchief to wipe the bloody sweat from the face of her Lord as he groans beneath the heavy cross, the Magdalen, with her one word, "Rabbi," which one feels rather than hears, appeal to the emotions much more than any conversational part, more even than the leave-taking at Bethany. The scourging, the crowning with thorns, the cross-bearing, the venomous hate of the Jewish mob, were all terribly real. On our particular day, the gloom of the crucifixion scene was intensified by the sudden black darkness of the sky and the terrific rolling of thunder, which gave a peculiar awfulness to the picture.

All this. And yet. I went prepared to receive the impression of my life as others claim to have done. I went humbly, hoping that the Gospel story would forever after have new and deeper meanings, that the life of the Divine Man would be made more real, nearer and dearer, that I should catch inspiration and impulse that would forever enrich me. I came away no more moved than I have often been by other great plays. I expected that great audience to be swept by emotion. The crucifixion and resurrection should have left the vast throng hushed and motionless. Instead, people rose, and bustled, and chattered.

I cannot tell wherein the portrayal falls short. Artistically it is almost perfect. It is in no smallest degree irreverent. One wonders why that young peasant, with the pure, beatific face, the tender grace of bearing, is not the Christ of our hearts. Is it that the simple, holy life has left no knowledge of temptations in the wilderness with which the real Christ fought? Is it that power to move men's hearts is always purchased by pain? One wonders and wonders, and does not understand. One knows that one comes away with the consciousness of an unique, never to be forgotten experience—and a keen sense of disappointment.

M. C. H.

The Derivation of Words.

IN the summer of 1897 while I was at Long Branch, the famous New Jersey sea-shore resort where Garfield died, I had the good fortune to become intimately acquainted with a Philadelphia gentleman who owns a cottage there. While dining with him one day, I had my attention drawn to a beautiful cut-glass bottle with glass stopple, half filled with some white transparent liquid which resembled water. When coffee was served, my host poured a little of the contents of this bottle into his steaming cup. Concluding that this was some convenient method of taking medicine, I dismissed the thought from my mind.

A few weeks later, however, when again dining with my friend, this mysterious bottle stood in its accustomed place. This time my curiosity prevailed, and emboldened by longer acquaintance, I enquired about the contents of the puzzling bottle. To my amazement Mr. Bancroft replied that it was glycerine, and that he always used it in his coffee instead of sugar. He told me that its sweetening effects are the same, but it is superior to sugar in that it dissolves easily, and is pure, whereas it is so hard to obtain pure sugar. Incidentally he mentioned the adulteration of our food products, instancing pepper as a fair sample. "All the pepper we commonly buy," said Mr. Bancroft, "is fully half peas." I doubted this last statement, and enquired at the grocer's, where I was told to spell PEP-PER.

This anecdote brings me to the subject of my article, the Derivation of Words. If I had ever associated the word glycerine with the Greek word for sweet, from which it is derived, I should not have been so much surprised when I found that Mr. Bancroft sweetened his coffee with glycerine. For the person who looks into the derivation of words, a new light is shed upon them, giving new thoughts and new interest. The dictionary

then acquires an additional use. The great majority of people use the dictionary simply to learn the correct spelling or the definition of words. Some consult it for the proper pronunciation, but comparatively few think of noticing the derivation of words. In the brief space of this article, I wish to call attention to the derivation of a few common words.

Everyone knows that a bicycle has two wheels, while a tricycle has three; but everyone does not know that the word bicycle means "two circles" or "wheels" while tricycle means "three wheels." Many a rider, wishing to know the distance he travels, uses a cyclometer. You will easily recognize the first two syllables of this word as being the same as the last part of bicycle, and consequently meaning "circle" or "wheel," so that cyclometer means "wheel measurer." In connection with bicycles, the tandem has for me an extremely interesting derivation. The ancient Romans used the word tandem if not the machine, but to them tandem meant "at length" in the sense of "finally." This word has been brought down to our times, and we speak of horses being driven tandem, when they are "at length" in the sense of position,—one after the other. So a bicycle made for two people to ride one behind the other, has been called a tandem.

Julius Cæsar, the most famous Roman, was assassinated because some of his fellow citizens thought he was aiming at imperialism. How futile the attempt to destroy Cæsar was, may be seen by the fact that his nephew, Augustus Cæsar, became Emperor of Rome shortly afterward, and for many years the family of Cæsar ruled at Rome, and after their extinction, the Roman Emperors took the title of "Cæsar." And to this very day the two mightiest rulers in all Europe preserve in their titles the name of Cæsar,—the "Czar" of Russia, and the German "*Kaiser*."

Those adventurous people, the ancient Greeks, sent out many vessels to foreign lands. Thus they came in contact with peo-

ple speaking other languages. To the Greeks these languages were unintelligible, and for this reason they called foreigners "barbarians," because these people seemed to them to say nothing but "bar bar." The commander of one of these ships which went to the Black Sea, found, at a city named Cerasus, a strange fruit. Delighted with its flavor, he took some back to Greece with him, and not knowing any other name, he called it cerasus from the name of the town where he had found it. This name given by the old Greek merchant, still remains in many European languages, and has come down to us as the cherry.

To those of you who may wish to continue this line of thought, let me suggest such words as Bethel, Bible, millenium, telephone, graphophone, atrabilious, melancholy, alphabet, aqueduct, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, calendar, omnibus, demure, derivation, assassin, dynamite.

ARTHUR C. JOHNSON.

A Commonplace Story.

IT was a very commonplace story after all, and its heroine,—well, few people would have recognized in her any of the heroic element; but it was there, nevertheless, and always had been. Her whole life had been an example of patient heroism, of brave endeavor to overcome the obstacles that had ever been in her path, ever keeping her back.

She was only the daughter of a fisherman, living in one of the smaller seaport towns, where she passed her childhood after the manner of the children of the fisher-folk, attending school a little, and going out in the fishing-boat with her father a great deal. Thus she became wise in the ways of managing a boat and of handling the nets, but of books she knew very little.

As she grew older, she became fair to look upon and was wooed by many of the village youths, and one of these, a stalwart young fisherman, had won her heart, and she had promised to marry him. Then, while in her nineteenth year, had fallen the blow that brought with it her first real sorrow, the blow that was to change the whole current of her after life.

Her father had gone out, as usual, in his little fishing-boat, when, just at dusk, a storm suddenly arose. At home two anxious women watched with straining eyes, but the boat was nowhere to be seen, and the storm grew fiercer and wilder. All night it raged; and all night the wife and daughter watched and prayed for the safety of their loved one. The next day—just such a bright, glorious day as follows a storm—some of the fishermen found his body on the beach, where it had been tossed by the angry sea. They broke the news to his wife as gently as possible, but, though she had known all that terrible night that it must be so, the blow proved too much for her. She never recovered from it, but passed into a slow decline, and Jean was left to support herself and invalid mother.

First, however, she broke her engagement with her lover, and so began her career of heroic self-sacrifice, for she cared for the young man with all the ardor of her strong, impulsive nature. Then she looked about her for a means of livelihood. There seemed but one thing to do, for she had no education, and this she did with a patient resignation. She took in washings and became "scrub-woman" for the village folk. "Nothing heroic about that," you may say. Ah, but indeed there was! To give up her one chance of happiness and become a village drudge, in order to keep her mother from the poorhouse, required a courage of which few of us have little conception. Her heroism had not taken the form that constitutes the theme of poets, but it was heroism for all that, and for a noble cause.

She adhered to her purpose through the

long years, until at last her mother died and she was left alone—alone, a prematurely aged woman, bowed with toil, all her youthful comeliness gone, and with only the dismal prospect of continuing her monotonous life, but with a look in her eyes that told of duty well performed.

Time ran on, and she still lived and labored, simply one among the thousands of struggling humanity, until, one morning, while scrubbing a floor in the house of one of the village merchants, she was startled by loud screams. She hurried through the house, guided by the frantic cries and the smell of smoke, and threw open the door of the nursery. She was almost blinded by the smoke and flame that poured out, but soon made out the form of the little daughter of the house, lying in her crib, as yet untouched by the flame which was making rapid headway among the curtains and furniture of the room.

Jean, in an instant, had torn off her heavy flannel skirt and was battling her way through the fire. The heat and smoke were suffocating, the flames caught her dress and curled around her, burning her severely, but she did not waver. She gained the crib, wrapped the skirt about the child, and carried her to a place of safety, unharmed except for a few slight burns.

Many others came rushing in now, attracted by the sight of the smoke, and the fire was soon extinguished. But Jean,—she was terribly burned; she had breathed the flames and lived only long enough to smile her acknowledgment of the parents' fervent thanks and their earnest though futile efforts to save her. Then she passed away, with a look of joy upon her face that none had ever seen there before.

Her death was not more heroic than her life, yet only the God in Whom she had trusted all these years, and Whose will she had done, realized this fact and gave her credit for the truth.

M. H. C., '01.

The Modern Girl.

THE subject of this sketch is a younger specimen of that type of humanity known as the Modern Woman. She was born, as they say, with a silver spoon in her mouth, being the only child of wealthy parents. Soon after her birth there is a christening in one of the most fashionable churches of the city, at which all present comment upon the rare beauty of the child.

During her infancy and early childhood she is left in the care of a governess, who allows her to do as she pleases on all occasions. She is fed on condensed milk and lactated foods, nature's provision being too old-fashioned, and, of course, her delicate stomach cannot bear cow's milk.

Being extremely precocious, she learns to read almost as soon as she can talk; and, at the age when her grandmother was being entertained by Mother Goose, she is deep in Shakespeare or Browning.

Her extraordinary talent for music soon begins to show itself, hence she must have a music teacher, probably some German professor, with long hair and a high-sounding name. She also has a dancing master, that she may become proficient in the Terpsichorean art. She keeps up her lessons with the German professor and dancing master for a number of years.

At an early age she is sent to some well-known and fashionable boarding-school, to learn Latin, Greek, and French. During her first year at boarding-school, she is very rational, and shows some common sense, but soon she puts on airs,—also glasses. She has a wheel, perhaps a gentlemen's model; she also has bloomers or divided skirts.

At the end of her course, she is graduated with very high honors—provided her parents are rich enough—being, of course, the baby of the class and perhaps the youngest student who was ever graduated from the school. Her class part is filled with high-sounding

words, foreign expressions, and classical phrases, which only the most highly educated can understand.

She now goes to college, some coeducational institution. In addition to the languages, she takes art and literature—also evening walks with students of the opposite sex. She receives high rank and gets many compliments from the college professors upon the brilliancy of her intellect. Her brain, naturally large, is expanded almost beyond its limit.

During her summer vacation, she goes either to the mountains or the seashore, as her mother fears an attack of "*nervous prostration*." She plays golf and tennis, and goes boating. In winter she attends all the theatres, balls, and carnivals. She dresses in the height of fashion—high collars, small waist, and mannish shoes. She has a high pompadour and—a beau for all occasions.

At her graduating from college, to which hundreds of people come to hear the grand essay which a mind like hers is alone capable of producing, she shows the result of her breeding and education. She sits in her place and receives, with becoming dignity, the admiring glances bestowed upon her, looking down, as it were, upon the faculty and directors of the college and the vast concourse of people, some of whom have come many miles to attend her graduation.

After a season at home, the papers announce her departure for Europe "to spend a year or two in travel before entering upon her life-work in the field of literature." She visits all the great universities, sees all the famous places, and incidentally becomes acquainted with all the impecunious counts, dukes, and other titled personages, who are ever ready to pay court to American beauty and—American money. She finally meets a count whose name is long enough to satisfy even the fastidious taste of an American heiress, and with him she bargains her gold for his title, using all the old American bargain counter tricks.

She soon returns home, accompanied by her fiance, to make preparation for her approaching marriage. The wedding is a very swell affair in a very swell church, and all the papers are obliged to print an "extra" in order to have space in which to describe the costly wedding gown and the exquisite beauty of the bride.

The newly wedded couple sail for Europe, and the modern girl has now become a woman of the world.

A. R., '02.

Gould's Academy Reunion.

The friends of Gould's Academy, in and about Bethel, wishing to renew old acquaintances, look into well-remembered faces and grasp the hands of old friends once more, and also to give to others, who had wandered far, the opportunity to do the same, and to come and view the prosperous condition of the old Academy, took advantage of Gov. Powers' proclamation for Old Home Week, formed an organization and decided to hold a reunion at Bethel on Thursday, Aug. 9, 1900. Committees were chosen and active work begun. The subscription, that was immediately started to defray expenses, soon had a total in the hundreds. Everyone became interested and worked with a will. As the plans were perfected, and the fixed day drew nigh, the Committee that had the invitations in charge became flooded with acceptances. Everyone, who possibly could, was coming from far and near; and those who could not come sent pleasing letters and helpful words.

The day of days at last dawned. What took place on that memorable and wholly delightful occasion has already been very pleasingly depicted in the columns of the Bethel News, but we felt as if some mention must be

made of it in this number of the HERALD, hence this brief account. Better help from the weather could not have been asked. The sun shone, the birds sang, everyone wore a smile, and the band played—the 2nd Regiment of Lewiston. Many guests had already arrived; but the trains on Thursday morning brought many from a distance, while those from near-by towns came with teams. Odeon Hall was used as a reception room by the Committee. It had been very tastefully and pleasantly arranged and decorated, and a cordial welcome was afforded all comers.

The Academy was the chief place of interest, and, evidently, the centre of gravity, judging from the crowd that continuously thronged its various rooms. It was draped in and out, top and bottom, with the dear old gold and blue. To many, the present building was the "new Academy"; but to all it was just as dear, and just as much a part of themselves, as if they had lived within its walls, or under its eaves through all the intervening years. A principal source of satisfaction to the recent alumni and undergraduates, was the arrangement of the banners of the classes from '98 to '03, with their respective colors.

Shortly after noon, word was brought that the presence of all was desired at the Common. Line was formed, led by the Trustees and distinguished guests, and followed by the various classes in the order of the years, and the march began. At the Common they were greeted by the word "Welcome" over the entrance of the vast tent where the dinner was to be served, and the speeches to be made. Of this "welcome" everyone was already assured, hence this only showed the sincerity of the intentions of the Committee. A bounteous repast was served, of which, it was estimated, eight hundred people partook.

When all had satisfied the inner man, eyes were turned to the head table, and the feast of reason began. The present principal, F. E. Hanscom, A. M., welcomed the guests.

and introduced, in his characteristic quiet and well defined manner, Hon. Chas. H. Hersey of Keene, N. H., as toastmaster. Mr. Hersey is a former principal of G. A., and spoke directly to his old friends and students. He was followed by men, whose names it will only be necessary to mention, and their eloquence and delightful words come to you, as if you were listening to them. State Supt. W. W. Stetson, Judge Enoch Foster, G. A. Robertson of Augusta, Cullen C. Chapman of Portland, Gen. A. S. Twitchell of Gorham, N. H., Hon. Wesley K. Woodbury and Prof. S. A. Thurlow of Pottsville, Penn., Mr. J. D. Merriman of New York City, Capt. R. B. Grover of Brockton, Mass., Rev. G. M. Bodge of Dedham, Mass.

The most interesting feature of the afternoon, and what caused the most enthusiasm, was the starting of the volunteer subscription for the Gould's Academy fund by Capt. Grover. The Captain worked hard, setting the example with a generous subscription, and his efforts were rewarded, to the delight of all, and so materially as to satisfy the fondest hopes. We will not attempt to name all those who opened their hearts and pocket books to swell the fund; but each donor, whether his gift was large or small, has the heartfelt gratitude and appreciation of Gould's Academy—by this is meant all those whose interest and love she holds.

In the evening, a reception was held at Odeon Hall with a very large attendance. Here was given an opportunity for the friends to come closer in contact with one another, and to bid the adieux that must be said, and, above all, to express their pleasure and happiness at the way the day had passed off, and at the cordiality of the people during their stay. During the course of the evening, an Alumni Association was formed and plans made to be perfected later.

And so ended the red letter day in the calendar of Gould's Academy. Looked forward to by all, enjoyed by all, and its departure mourned by all. May Gould's

Academy long stand to shed its influence for knowledge and for good, and may her sons ever be loyal and true. But some time may there be other reunions, in fact, may this be made an annual event, and may they be as successful, and as enjoyable as the Reunion of 1900.

Commencement Week, 1900.

Never was a graduating class favored with more sunny skies than those which bent above the "naughty naughts." The sunny face which nature wore during that eventful week, seemed like an omen of good, foretelling bright futures for the classmates soon to part.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The exercises of the week began with the baccalaureate sermon, which was delivered in the Congregational church by Rev. Arthur Varley. The text chosen was, "Where there is no vision the people perish." The words spoken could not fail to leave a mark on the minds of all who heard them.

The school marched from the Academy to the church in a body: the teachers ahead, then the Senior class, followed by the lower classes in their order. For the first time in the annals of the school, the graduating class marched out through the open doors of the Academy arrayed in caps and gowns.

The church was decorated in a very tasteful manner. The class colors were gracefully draped about the organ, while directly above hung the class banner. Potted plants and evergreens formed the remainder of the decorations.

THE PRIZE DEBATE.

A very interesting feature of Commencement week was the Prize Debate between

the Seniors and Juniors, held in Odeon Hall, Tuesday evening. The question debated was:

Resolved: That the United States should retain the dominion, sovereignty and control of the Philippine Islands with a view to their permanent retention as a part of the United States.

JUNIOR CLASS—

Affirmative { Edwin L. Harvey,
Walter W. Holmes,

SENIOR CLASS—

Negative { Chas. H. Holmes,
Merritt B. Gay.

The stage was effectively decorated with bunting in the colors of the two classes, and the contestants were seated beneath their respective class banners.

The arguments were well prepared and well delivered, and showed that much thought had been bestowed upon their composition. The judges, Messrs. Wm. W. McCann of Poland, E. C. Park, and H. H. Hastings of Bethel, gave their decision in favor of the negative.

The program was made more pleasing by piano duets by Misses Weitz and Gehring, and Misses Billings and Purington, and selections by the ladies' quartet.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

Thursday was the red letter day of the week. In the afternoon, Odeon Hall threw open its doors and was soon filled with an eager, interested throng.

The sight which met the eyes of the guests was one long to be remembered. Festoons of delicate bunting in lavender and white, the colors of the class of '00, were draped gracefully about the stage, while above the stage was the class motto, "Non scholae sed vitae discimus."

On the platform were seated the Trustees of the Academy, the teachers and Rev. Arthur Varley.

A stir at the back of the hall announced the coming of the school, marshalled by Arthur Richardson, '01. In through the wide doors, down the right side of the hall, across the

front, to the seats reserved on the left, passed the long line. The Juniors ahead, the Sophomores next, then the Freshmen, and last, but by no means least in anything except numbers, came the Seniors, the eight young people, in whom the interest of the afternoon was centered.

The following program was carried out:

Music.

Invocation.

Music.

Salutatory—The Man for the Crisis,

Merritt Brackett Gay

True Nobility,

Constance Henderson Grover

Know Thyself,

Daisy Ethel Dixon

Music.

Class History,

Barbara Allan Carter

Class Oration—Non Scholae sed Vitae Discimus,

Charles Holstead Holmes

Class Prophecy,

Harry Hancock Farwell

Music.

Presentation of Gifts,

William Henry Holmes

Silent Influences—Valedictory,

Maud Lilian Thurston

Music.

Conferring of Diplomas.

Singing Class Ode.

Benediction.

The part of each member was deserving of special mention but space forbids. The Salutatory was given in Latin. The History, Prophecy and Presentation of Gifts were witty and original, containing many amusing hits which could be fully appreciated only by members of the school. The diplomas were conferred by Prof. Hanscom with words well befitting the occasion.

CLASS ODE.

[Air, Far Away.]

CONSTANCE HENDERSON GROVER.

Now our happy school is over,
And from teachers we must part,
And from laughing, joyous schoolmates
We now turn with saddened heart;

But we never shall forget you
 Though we roam the wide world through;
 Schoolmates, teachers, now we bid you
 All adieu, all adieu;
 Schoolmates, teachers, now we bid you
 All adieu, all adieu.

Dear "Old Gould's," from you we're turning,
 Duty calls us, we must go,
 And we know not what awaits us,
 Whether joy, or whether woe;
 May God's spirit ever guide us,
 Help us to be staunch and true;
 Schoolmates, teachers, now we bid you
 All adieu, all adieu;
 Schoolmates, teachers, now we bid you
 All adieu, all adieu.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

The Commencement Concert was given Thursday evening by the Lotus Male Quartet of Lewiston, assisted by Miss Emily W. Cornish of Boston, as reader. The concert was considered one of the best ever given in Bethel.

RECEPTION.

The reception was the crowning event of the week. The beautifully decorated hall was filled with the friends of the Senior class and of the school. Refreshments, consisting of punch and confections, were served from the tables in each corner of the hall.

Mrs. J. M. Philbrook, Mrs. G. R. Wiley, Mrs. Ella Carter, and Mrs. J. A. Thurston assisted Prin. Hanscom in receiving the guests, while on his right stood the graduating class.

After a social hour, the grand march was led by Mr. Gay and Miss Carter. This was followed by a short order of dances and then the adieux were said, and the Class of 1900 parted to meet no more as schoolmates, but to go forward into life's school to fill their individual places—the better, we trust for their years of study at Old Gould's.

Prize Speaking.

As no issue of the HERALD has been made since the last Prize Speaking Contest, mention of that event is made here. The annual contest took place in Odeon Hall, March 2, 1900. The stormy weather prevented the coming of the judges who had been engaged from out of town, and their places were filled by Dr. C. D. Hill, Rev. Arthur Varley, and E. C. Park, Esq.

At the appointed hour, the contestants were marshalled into the hall by Victor Gehring, and the following program was carried out:

	Music.
	Invocation.
	Music.
The Impeachment of Warren Hastings,	<i>T. B. Macauley</i>
	Merritt Brackett Gay.
The Swan Song,	<i>Katherine Brooks</i>
	Helen Estella Bisbee.
Mr. Brown Has His Hair Cut,	<i>J. Edmund V. Cooke</i>
	William Henry Holmes.
	Music.
Grandfather's Rose,	<i>Adelaide A. Proctor</i>
	Ruth Rogers King.
The Mob,	<i>Edmund Rostand</i>
	George Emerson Ryerson.
He Let Her Know,	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>
	Effie Josephine Thurston.
	Music.
Eulogy on Garfield,	<i>James G. Blaine</i>
	Gilbert Woodsome Tuell.
A White Lily,	<i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i>
	Grace Maud Chapman.
Our Duty in the Philippines,	<i>Geo. F. Hoar</i>
	Charles Holstead Holmes.
	Music.
Mute Singers,	<i>Annie C. Ritchie</i>
	Barbara Allan Carter.
A Political Stump Speech,	<i>F. A. Parker</i>
	Wallace Goodwin.
Patsy,	<i>Kate Douglass Wiggin</i>
	Elsie Marie Weitz.
	Music.
	Award of Prizes.

Prizes were awarded as follows: Ladies, 1st, Miss Weitz, 2nd, Miss Carter. Gentlemen, 1st, Mr. Goodwin, 2nd, Mr. Gay.

Obituary.

Wallace O. Goodwin.

With the first warm breath of spring, came a sadness to both village and school. Wallace Goodwin, a pupil of Gould's Academy, and a young man just in the dawn of manhood, was called from the earthly to the heavenly school.

Wallace was a genial, sincere, and loyal friend. His sunny disposition was felt in the schoolroom, on the streets, at his work, or wherever he chanced to be. He was never too busy to extend a cordial greeting to all.

To teachers, scholars, and friends, Wallace has left the memory of an earnest, sincere life; a life that was begun here to find its richer development under the care of the Divine Master in the Eternal City.

"Now give us, O Christ, that clear vision
To pierce through the mists that now hide,
And see, in those fair fields elysian,
The loved ones whom men say have died—
But who in the light of Thy rising,
Have risen with Thee, glorified."

Clara Sanborn Swan.

Died—In Gorham, N. H., June 4, 1900, Clara Sanborn, wife of Guy E. Swan, aged 18 years.

The brightness of Commencement week was darkened, and our happiness in the success of our schoolmates shadowed, by the thought, that she, who, but a year before, had been one of our number, had entered that school for which her brief life was but a preparation.

On Wednesday of that week, the remains of Clara Sanborn Swan, who entered the Academy with the class of 1901, were placed, amid a wealth of flowers, in the pretty little cemetery near the home of her childhood, at Middle Intervale. The knowledge, that the life of our schoolmate had closed, brought a shock to those who had been associated with her in school, or the Society of Christian Endeavor, of which she was an earnest member.

She left school in her Junior year to become the wife of her girlhood's playfellow and schoolmate. Many kind expressions and good wishes for their future were received by the young couple, and when, after a year, a little life was given into their keeping, bringing a mingling of pleasure and responsibility, their measure of happiness seemed replete; but God gathered the little blossom home, and the young mother quickly followed, leaving her husband and mother bereft of the earthly treasure which they held most dear. To them we bring these beautiful lines from Whittier:

Not upon us or ours the solemn angels
Have evil wrought.
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
The good die not.
God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given.
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in His heaven.

Gould's Academy Alumni Association.

All who attended the Gould's Academy Reunion on August 9, 1900, will be pleased to know that the temporary organization then formed has since become permanent. At the adjourned meeting, which met at the Academy September 10, a Constitution and By-Laws was adopted, and the following officers elected:

President—H. H. Hastings.
Vice President—A. G. Wiley.
Secretary—Annie M. Frye.
Treasurer—John M. Philbrook.
Ex. Com.— { Archer Grover,
Fred B. Merrill,
Joan Stearns.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 1. This organization shall be known as the Gould's Academy Alumni Association.

ART. 2. The object of this association shall be to unite the graduates of Gould's Academy into a fraternal body; to foster their friendship for each other, their acquaintance with the undergraduates, and their knowledge of the school; and, finally, to advance the interests, promote the welfare, increase the efficiency, and uphold the honor of Gould's Academy, their Alma Mater.

ART. 3. SEC. 1. The regular members of this association shall consist of those who attended the school previous to the year 1885 and those who have graduated since.

SEC. 2. Any one who has attended school at Gould's Academy since 1885, but who has not completed a regular course, may, upon a two-thirds vote of all the members present at any regular meeting, become an associate member of this association, and shall be entitled to all the rights and privileges of this association, except holding office.

SEC. 3. All Trustees and Instructors may become associate members with all the rights and privileges of the association.

ART. 4. This Constitution shall not be altered or amended, except by a two-thirds vote of the members of this association, present at any annual meeting.

BY-LAWS.

SECTION. 1. The officers of this association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three.

SEC. 2. A quorum shall consist of nine members of this association.

SEC. 3. This association shall meet annually on Friday of Commencement week of the Academy, and special meetings may be called by the President.

SEC. 4. The President shall call a meeting of the association upon petition of six members of the association.

SEC. 5. The officers shall be nominated and then chosen by ballot at regular annual meeting, and a majority of ballots shall elect.

Officers shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected, except the Executive Committee which shall have one member retire each year, provided, however, that at the first meeting of this association, the three members of this board shall be chosen and shall hold office for one, two, and three years respectively, to be decided by them by lot.

SEC. 6. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the association.

The Vice-President shall preside when the President is absent.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of all the doings of the association and to carry on all correspondence.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep all accounts of the association and to pay all bills after they have been approved by the Executive Committee.

It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to act on any communication or complaint that may be made, and to have a general supervision over the interests of the association, and they shall have the power to appoint any additional committees they

shall deem necessary. It shall also be their duty to approve all bills before they are paid by the Treasurer, and to audit all accounts and books of the association.

SEC. 7. The annual dues shall be fifty cents for both active and associate members.

SEC. 8. These By-Laws shall not be altered or amended except by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any meeting, and all members residing in Bethel Village shall be notified of any intended change, at least ten days before a meeting is called for that purpose.

It is the intention of the society to hold an annual reunion and banquet on Friday of Commencement week, and it is hoped that all former students who still cherish a love for "Old Gould's" will enroll themselves as members of this society, thereby keeping in communication with old friends and in touch with their Alma Mater.

Quotations Applied.

Capable of mischief.	Widd Twaddle.
Free seat down front.	Communicators.
Her temper like her forehead smooth.	Effie Thurston.
Too young for wisdom's tardy seal.	Lindall Blanchard.
Speak freely what you think.	Miriam Herrick.
We make up in quantity what we lack in quality.	Freshman Class.
She speaks, behaves and acts, just as she ought.	Winona Bartlett.
A youth light-hearted and content.	Harry Purington.
All the great are dying, and I'm not feeling well.	Gale Carter.
Her face is like a sunbeam, a perpetual grin.	Hester Kimball.
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man.	Gilbert Tuell.
'Tis as cheap sitting as standing.	Xenophon Class.
I am as sober as a judge.	Earle Philbrook.

We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept: we never blushed before.

Senior Algebra Class.

Then he will talk—good gods!—how he will talk.

Alton Richardson.

His only labor was to kill the time.

Philip Maher.

I have fed like a farmer; I shall grow as fat as a porpoise.

Luther Holmes.

To follow foolish precedents, and wink

With both our eyes, is easier than to think.

Arithmetic Class.

He, generous thoughts instills

Of true nobility: forms their ductile minds

To human virtues.

Mr. Hanscom.

My tongue within my lips I rein,

For who talks much must talk in vain.

Miss Morgan.

But fragments of her mighty voice

Came rolling on the wind.

Grace Farwell.

Beyond expression, fair,

With thy braided, flaxen hair.

Agnes Barton.

She doth change the pebbles of our puddly thought
To orient pearls.

Miss Purington.

He who thinks his piece below him will certainly
be below his piece.

Robert Bean.

A girl who bore with grief and pain

A volume of that dreadful name,

Geometry.

Mildred Tuell.

Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of adornment,

But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

Henrietta Douglas.

Beautiful as sweet!

And young as beautiful! and gay as young!

And innocent as gay!

Maud Davis.

She is pretty to walk with,

And witty to talk with,

And pleasant, too, to think on.

Ethel Sanborn.

I love its giddy gurgle,

I love its fluent flow;

I love to wind my tongue up,

I love to hear it go.

Fenwicke Holmes.

Why did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?

Daniel Durell.

His years but few, but his experience old,

His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe.

Gotthard Carlson.

Be mindful, when invention fails,

To scratch your head and bite your nails.

Adrian Grover.

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay.

Cheerful he played.

Chandler Godwin.

She reasoned without plodding long,

And never gave her judgment wrong.

Carrie Wight.

School Notes.

Alpha!

Compositions!

"Got your Greek?"

"Y. M. C. A.—P.—G.—T."

Over one hundred students.

"From the earliest ages of iniquity—"

"This Psychology will be the death of
me!"

French Teacher—"My other boots, what
number?"

Alton Richardson has recently been ap-
pointed librarian.

L. B. is frequently seen bicycling on Broad
St. "Wonder why!"

The students were given two half-days to
attend the fair at Riverside Park.

One of the Sophomore girls says that J. C.
B. is the "Sunshine of Paradise Alley."

Gotthard W. Carlson fills the place of jan-
itor this term.

"Fair to-night and Tuesday." For further
particulars inquire of Rob Bean.

One of the girls in the Cæsar class recent-
ly discovered that there are some "awfully
defective verbs in Latin."

The burden of the Sophomore class is shown by the oft-repeated question, "Can you translate your Cæsar?"

Teacher, translating Vergil—*Equo ne credite*—"Trust not the horse—Scholars, that is a good motto to remember."

A member of the Arithmetic class succeeded in finding the number of acres in a pile of wood 90 rds. long, and 327 ft. wide.

"Maps drawn in an excellent manner and at low rates—especially for Grecian History class." Apply to Geo. Ryerson.

During the summer there was a new flag pole set in front of the Academy to hold the flag which has so long waited for the pole.

Minnie Godwin has returned to school after an absence of nearly two terms, on account of ill health.

Gotthard W. Carlson, of the Junior class, left school at the beginning of the eleventh week to teach the Grammar school at Upton, Maine. He will return to school early in the winter term.

We feel that this number of the *HERALD* would not be complete did it not record the arrival of a little daughter (Kathryn) at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Hanscom on Sept. 22.

Lindall Blanchard received a visit from his father, C. E. Blanchard of Boston, the latter part of the term.

Miss Lillian Brown, a former student of G. A., and recently graduated from the Training School for Nurses at the Maine General Hospital, recently made a visit to the school.

A very pleasant social was given in the Gymnasium on Friday, Nov. 2. There was a good attendance; games were played, and all passed an enjoyable evening.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held at the Academy, Saturday, Nov. 10, additions were made to the Board, three new members being elected. They are Dr. C. D. Hill, Bethel, Hon. E. S. Kilborn, Bethel, and Capt. R. B. Grover, Brockton, Mass.

Miss Gertrude Coolidge was absent from school a week of this term to assist in caring for her father, who was seriously wounded by the accidental discharge of a rifle.

Teacher (in Physics class).—If a ball be dropped from a high tower it will strike a little east of the vertical line. Why is this?

P. M.—Because *something* is moving from west to east.

Thursday afternoon, Sept. 27, lessons were dispensed with at recess to listen to an interesting talk on Botany, given by Prof. Seymour of Harvard College. He showed a large collection of mosses, fungi, etc., and with the aid of a microscope described them in an interesting manner.

Mrs. Mary Garland recently presented to the Academy Library several books formerly a part of the private library of her husband, Rev. David Garland.

Teacher (to young rhetorician)—Compare good.

Quick reply—Good, gooder, goodest.

Teacher—Oh, think a moment.

After prolonged thought—Good, more good, better good.

The small recitation room has recently been adorned with pictures purchased with the proceeds of a social given last spring by the English History and English Literature classes. The pictures are such that they prove useful in the study of History and Literature, besides giving a much more tasteful appearance to the room.

Miss Emma Morse, who has been unable to attend school for the past two terms, hopes to be able to resume her studies the coming term.

Mr. H., of the Anabasis class, recently informed his startled instructor and classmates that sausages are not of good old Dutch origin, as we always supposed, but that, even in the time of Cyrus and Artaxerxes I, they were taken as food on long marches, and that Xenophon procured them at little cost from the barbarians during his return march.

Guy Davis spent a week in Boston and Lowell during the present term.

The officers of the Athletic Association, elected at the regular meeting held on Sept.

7, are:

President—Geo. E. Ryerson,
Vice-President—Arthur L. Watson.
Secretary—E. L. Harvey.
Treasurer—Gilbert Tuell.
Auditor—Prof. Hanscom.

The M. I. L. officers, elected at the beginning of the fall term, are:

C.—Geo. E. Ryerson.
V. C.—E. L. Harvey.
Scribe—Walter Holmes.
Treas.—Guy Barker.
S. E.—Gilbert Tuell.
J. E.—Arthur L. Watson.
T.—Chester Bean.
D.—G. W. Carlson.
Chaplain—Prof. Hanscom.
Ex. Com.— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{G. E. Ryerson,} \\ \text{E. L. Harvey,} \\ \text{W. W. Holmes.} \end{array} \right.$

The coach and captain of the foot-ball team seem to have strayed from their path, on the homeward journey from Bridgton, and it is said they didn't get "home till morning," or—their team didn't. But then, you see, they didn't know the road. It's said, that one of the other teams came near having a serious accident, and, that at least one person was saved from being "killed," only by the "presence of mind" of the driver.

"He that knows not and knows not that he knows not is a fool, shun him;

He that knows not and knows that he knows not is simple, teach him;

He that knows and knows not that he knows is asleep, wake him;

He that knows and knows that he knows is wise, follow him."

When Miss Mayo was taken ill and was obliged to return to her home, last spring, we felt that our Elocution department would not survive the loss; but we were soon permitted to meet her successor, Miss Addie Brightman. Miss Brightman is efficient, and has pleased all, fellow-teachers and pupils, by her gracious, delightful manner.

In the death of Mrs. Florence L. Varley, which occurred last August, the school has sustained a loss, which many of the students feel as a personal one. No opportunity by which she could assist us was ever offered, that was not gladly accepted and faithfully improved. We embrace this opportunity to extend to her husband, the Rev. Arthur Varley, the sympathy which the fullness of our hearts will not allow us to express in spoken words.

Some changes have been made, since last year, in the corps of teachers. The vacancy made by the resignation of Mr. Johnson, the assistant principal, is filled by Mr. Dyer, while Mr. H. L. Upton is instructor in Algebra and Physics. Both these teachers have already won the esteem of their pupils by the kindly interest they show in their welfare, and by their competence as instructors. With the increased number of pupils, everything looks bright for a successful school year.

NICKNAMES.

"Pump."	"Jo."
"Bull-head."	"Hes."
"Zeke."	"Rush."
"Pete."	"Phia."
"Guy."	"Chocolate."
"Chet."	"Hen."
"Wrinkles."	"Feller."
"Gee."	"Tris."
"Joshua."	"Spinney."
"Cycus."	"Pig."
"Caramels."	"Reddy."
"Stiffy."	"Theodore."

The first social of the term was given by the young ladies, on Friday evening, Oct. 12, for the benefit of the foot-ball team. Each of the young ladies had earned twenty-five cents, which was to pay their admission; and the principal feature of the evening was their "confessions" of how they earned their money. These confessions caused much laughter, and showed surprising endurance and courage on the part of some, in whom it was wholly unexpected. The young men

each paid a quarter, but, luckily, were not asked how they came by it. The sum of eighteen dollars was realized, and a pleasant evening enjoyed.

The schedule of studies, followed this term, is as follows :

Mr. Hanscom—9:00-9:45, Psychology; 9:45-10:25, Cicero; 10:40-11:20, Caesar; 11:20-12:00, Senior Reviews; 1:20-2:00, Arithmetic; 2:00-2:40, Freshman Latin; 3:00-3:40, Geometry.

Mr. Dyer—9:00-9:45, Senior French; 9:45-10:25, Vergil; 10:40-11:20, Anabasis; 11:20-12:00, Sophomore French; 1:20-2:00, Homer; 2:00-2:40, Junior French; 3:00-3:40, Sophomore Greek.

Miss Purington—9:00-9:45 Rhetoric; 9:45-10:25, English; 10:40-11:20, Grecian History; 11:20-12:00, English Literature; 2:00-2:40, Book keeping; 3:00-3:40, Physical Geography.

Mr. Upton—9:45-10:25, Sophomore Algebra; 11:20-12:00, Freshman Algebra; 1:20-2:00, Physics.

The following are the names of the officers of the respective classes :

SENIOR CLASS—

President—E. L. Harvey.
Vice-President—Winona Bartlett.
Secretary—W. W. Holmes.
Treasurer—Geo. Ryerson.
Ex. Com.—Adelia Morse, Henrietta Douglas, Ethel Sanborn, Arthur Richardson, Walter Holmes.

JUNIOR CLASS—

President—Gotthard Carlson.
Vice-President—Gilbert Tuell.
Secretary and Treasurer—Jerome Holmes.
Ex. Com.—Everett Brown, Carrie Wight, Jerome Holmes.

SOPHOMORE CLASS—

President—Chester Bean.
Vice-President—Cleve Bartlett.
Secretary and Treasurer—Agnes Brooks.
Ex. Com.—Jennie Swan, Bessie Stanley, Helen Bisbee.

FRESHMAN CLASS—

President—Earle Philbrook.
Vice-President—Agnes Barton.
Secretary and Treasurer—Ada Richardson.
Ex. Com.—Blanche Russell, Lester Bean, Gladys Wiley.

The following are the names of the new students:

Blanche Russell,	Hanover, Me.
Amy Bartlett,	East Bethel, Me.
Linnie Morgan,	Greenwood, Me.
Gretta Olson,	Wilson's Mills, Me.

Gwendolyn Stearns,
Nina Bean.
Ada Richardson,
Blanche Swan,
Grace Mills,
Amy Austin,
Gale Carter,
Jack Carter,
Earle Philbrook,
Cleve Bartlett,
Lewis Abbott,
Lester Bean,
Wade Thurston,
Florence Brown,
Fonti Manning,
Lindall Blanchard,
Charles Hayford,
Willie Brooks,
Robert Manning,
Raymond Knight,
Angie Abbott,
Leona Caswell,
Perry Bean,
Luther Holmes,
Shirley Russell,
Levi Brown,
Amorita Mueller,
Omega!!!!

Bethel, Me.
Albany, Me.
Hanover, Me.
East Bethel, Me.
West Bethel, Me.
East Bethel, Me.
Bethel, Me.
Bethel, Me.
Milan, N. H.
East Bethel, Me.
North Paris, Me.
East Bethel, Me.
Newry, Me.
North Waterford, Me.
North Waterford, Me.
Boston, Mass.
Hanover, Me.
Milton, Me.
North Waterford, Me.
North Waterford, Me.
Bethel, Me.
Bethel, Me.
Albany, Me.
Bethel, Me.
Bethel, Me.
Bethel, Me.
Cleveland, Ohio.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.

—Webster.

Be just in all thy actions and if joined
With those that are not, never change thy mind;
If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about till thou hast topp'd the hill.

—Denham.

I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance: I would plant rich seeds
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old.

—Hillhouse.

To meditate, to plan, resolve, perform,
Which in itself is good—as surely brings
Reward of good, no matter what be done.

—Pollock.

Personals.

Mary C. Chapman, '93, was married last June to Mr. John H. Wilson of Berlin, N.H., where they reside.

Albert C. Eames, '94, of Bowdoin '98, is principal of Potter Academy.

George B. Farnsworth, a former student of G. A., is a member of the class of '03, at Bowdoin.

Miss Edith D. Abbott, '99, recently entered the State Normal and Training School at Gorham, Me.

Major G. A. Hastings, a student of G. A. in 1836, together with Mrs. Hastings, will spend the winter in Southern California.

Ernest H. Pratt, a former teacher at G. A., is teaching in the Industrial School for Boys, at Canaan Four Corners, New York.

Jose Bonau of Baez, Cuba, a student at G. A. in 1877, returned to Bethel for the Reunion in August, and has since sent his son to Bethel to be taught English.

Miss Sadie Mason, a former student at G. A., has entered Bates College.

Miss Florence Carter, '99, has entered the Clark Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, at Northampton, Mass., to fit for a teacher.

Mrs. Emma Jones Van Den Kerckhoven, '94, has a little son.

Harry Farwell, '00, is a Freshman at the University of Maine.

Bertha Wiley, '96, is a student at Smith College.

Barton Smith is teaching at Wilson's Mills.

Merritt B. Gay, '00, is teaching the village school at South Casco, Maine.

Chas. H. Holmes, '00, is head waiter in the Snell House, Houlton, Me. William H. Holmes, '00, also has employment at the same house.

Everett Hammons, Esq., a student at G. A. in the early seventies, for many years County Attorney of Anoka County, Minn., died Oct. 15, at his home in Anoka.

Joan Stearns, '96, after a severe illness, is able to resume her work as stenographer.

Javan K. Mason, D. D., a student at G. A. in 1836, and a graduate of Bowdoin, for many years located at Thomaston and Fryeburg, died last August, at his home in Herndon, Va.

Miss Elsie M. Weitz, who attended the Academy last year, as a special student, has returned to her home in Cleveland, Ohio.

Henry H. Hastings, '87, is practising law in the office so long occupied by Richard A. Frye. Mr. Hastings is Supt. of Schools of the town of Bethel.

E. K. Martin, formerly a member of the class of '02, is running a peddler's cart, in the employ of his father, Asa Martin of Rumford.

Leon Walker, '99, a member of the Sophomore class at Bowdoin, was awarded a prize of \$25 for excellence in French last year. He met with an accident this fall, by which he lost a portion of one finger.

Harry Small, a former assistant principal, has resigned his position at South Portland, and is studying for the medical profession.

Miss Alice Bean, a former student, returned from Massachusetts to her home in Bethel last summer, and was married in August to Harry Jordan of this place, where they now reside.

Fred B. Merrill, '96, of Bowdoin '00, is employed in the Bethel Savings Bank, and is studying law with Herrick & Park.

Arthur Wiley, Bowdoin '95, is assistant professor of Biology at that college, and a student at the Bowdoin Medical College.

Archer Grover, a graduate of the University of Maine, after teaching a year in the Electrical Engineering Department of that college, is at present reading law in the office of Herrick & Park, of this place.

Judge A. E. Herrick and Mrs. Herrick spent some weeks in the Old World, and attended the Paris Exposition, last summer.

Geo. H. French, '99, who entered the office of the Maine Farmer, at Augusta, has been obliged to return to his home in Bethel, on account of ill health.

Among the older alumni of G. A. whom we were pleased to see at the Reunion, was Hon. Sidney Perham, ex-governor of Maine, who attended G. A. more than sixty years ago.

Irving Clark, who has been, for the past year, confined to his home in Bethel, by a severe illness, has so far recovered as to be able to return to his position in New York.

Miss Helen Staples, for some years matron of the Industrial School for Girls, at Hallowell, is now living at Hanover, having purchased, and greatly improved, the old homestead.

Miss Ethel Eames, formerly of the class of '00, is teaching in the Industrial School for Girls at Lancaster, Mass., of which her sister, Miss Ella Eames, also a former student of G. A., was, for sometime, matron.

Col. Albert M. Edwards of Detroit, Mich., of the class of '56, still has a warm corner in his heart for Gould's Academy, and sends a valuable book for the Academy Library, together with greetings to the students, old and new, of G. A.

Miss Maud Mayo, who, for the past three years, has been teacher of elocution at G. A., was afflicted with a severe illness last spring, from which she has not yet recovered. She is in Portland for treatment at the present time, and we are glad to hear that her health is somewhat improved. Her many friends in Bethel, hope for her ultimate recovery in the near future.

Charles Hastings, '87, an alumnus of Bowdoin College and Johns Hopkins University, and for several years assistant librarian at the University of Chicago, attended a meeting of the International Library Association at Paris, France, this summer, and is still travelling in Europe.

E. W. Gibson and Ellen F. Gibson, natives of Bethel, former students of Gould's Academy, are at present living at Mesilla Park, New Mexico, where Miss Gibson has been for several years, teacher of Elocution and Physical Culture, in the Agricultural College. Mr. Gibson has spent over twenty years in the mining districts of the far West, especially in those of Arizona and Colorado, and, being much reduced in health, removed to New Mexico, where he and his sister have taken up a tract of land, and built a home. We are glad to hear that Mr. Gibson is rapidly recovering.

Bethel people were pained to learn, during Reunion week, of the sudden death of Rev. F. W. Flood, principal of G. A. during 1896 and 1897, at Dennis, Mass. Mr. Flood was filling a pulpit at Dennis, at the time of his death, having stopped teaching, and taken a course at the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass.

A stream driving a mill is an emblem of man's life. He flows on in his own channel towards the ocean of immensity, yet helps to keep in motion the machinery of the world.

—J. P. Richter.

When we reflect that life is so full of neglected little opportunities to improve ourselves and others, we shall feel that there is no need of aspiring after great occasions.

Let men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty, if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice in.

—Theodore Parker.

Athletics.

Athletics have become a necessary factor in school training. It was only a short time ago that foot-ball, base-ball, tennis and track athletics were introduced into the fitting schools of this country. But to-day it is changed; the school that cannot turn out a crack team is considered a second class school. For this reason, we see teachers and friends of a school offering inducement to good athletes. They know that if they can get a few, more are sure to follow. Boys, yes girls, too, like to go to a school that has a winning team, and if a boy has his choice, he will choose to play substitute on the best team of the State, rather than regular on the worst. Furthermore, if a boy wishes to become a good athlete, he must begin his training early in life. He must start right; and no place is so good as a school with a systematic method of instruction. Realizing this, Yale and Harvard send out coaches every year to their fitting schools, in order that men coming to college may be better acquainted with their system.

Athletics give a fellow self-confidence and courage. It teaches him to rely upon himself and not to throw his task upon his companions, as he too frequently does in his Geometry or Latin. In foot-ball and base-ball, he must think and act at the same time, never, for a moment losing control of himself. To do or die is the spirit that must enthuse every man. He must be ready and willing to use the last particle of strength he has that the game may be won, and above all things, he must remember that the game is not lost until the last minute of play is over. A striking example of this was shown recently at a base-ball game between Yale and Brown. Yale was at the bat in the last half of the ninth inning, with two men out and the score 9 to 4 against her. Did she

give up all hope? By no means! Six men with bats in their hands stood waiting, yes, eager for their turn to come. The man batting hit a fly, the next one followed with a two-bagger, scoring the first man, and then every one of those six men scored, and the game was won. You may call it luck, but I prefer to think that it was the hold-on-'till-you-die spirit of the players that won the game.

This is the spirit that we want in business life. Too many men are defeated by small obstacles, or are satisfied in running up a small score. With the incoming of the new century a greater call for active business men will be heard; men of brawn as well as brain; men who are able to put their shoulders to the wheel and push; men who have run up against men as obstacles and know how to handle them. The question to-day is not how much you know, but, what can you do? What do you know about the handling of men? Theory is good, but it is practice that counts. So, my dear fathers and mothers, let us aid the boy in his sports, for the best place in which to find out what he can actually do, is the athletic contest.

Base-Ball.

A base-ball team was formed early in the spring term in the Athletic Association. G. E. Ryerson was elected manager, A. E. Richardson, captain, and work was begun as soon as the sun had cleared from snow a place large enough for a diamond. There was a good show of enthusiasm, and several games were played with the teams of neighboring schools with varied success. Hopes are entertained of having even a better team the coming spring.

The positions were held as follows:

c., Tuell.	p., Richardson.
1b., Watson.	2 b., Holmes.
3 b., Harvey.	s. s., Maher.
1., Twaddle.	m., Ryerson.
r., Stanley.	Sub., Gay.

Foot-Ball.

After the entirely successful season at foot-ball, last fall, and the fairly successful season at base-ball, last spring, it did not require much stimulus to arouse a little enthusiasm in foot-ball this fall. In fact, a goodly number were out for practice on the day that school opened, Sept. 4., and they have been at it ever since. Fred B. Merrill, Bowdoin, '00, has acted as coach and has proven very efficient. W. W. Holmes is manager and John L. Dyer, captain.

The following games have been played to date:

BRIDGTON ACADEMY 35, GOULD'S ACADEMY 0.

The team played the first game of the season at North Bridgton, against the heavy Bridgton Academy eleven, on Sept. 29. The score was 35 to 0 in Bridgton's favor, but, considering the comparative weight of the two teams, and the score the Bridgton's have run up against other elevens, this may be considered a pretty good showing. The line-up was:

GOULD'S.
Stanley, r. e.
Bean, r. t.
Upton, r. g.
Watson, c.
Davis, l. g.
Saunders, l. t.
Carlson, l. e.
Holmes, q. b.
Dyer, f. b.
Maher, r. h. b.
Cushman, l. h. b.

BRIDGTON.
l. e., Clemons
l. t., Hamlin
l. g., Hubbard
c., Edwards
r. g., Smith
r. t., Martin
r. e., Tibbetts
q. b., Iredale
f. b., Cannel, Foley
l. h. b., Skillings
r. h. b., Willard

Score: Bridgton 35, Gould's 0.

Time: 15 minute halves.

Referee—E. V. Spooner.

Umpire—F. B. Merrill.

Linesmen and Timekeepers—Mason and Brigham.

LEAVITT INSTITUTE 22; GOULD'S ACADEMY 0.

The second game of the season was played at Riverside Park against Leavitt Institute on Oct. 13. The Leavitt team was heavier and had the game well in hand from the start. Gould's gained well with the ball, but

could not retain it. Leavitt pounded the line hard until the last half, when Gould's forced them to punt several times. The line-up was:

GOULD'S.
Cushman, l. e.
Saunders, l. t.
Davis, l. g.
Watson, c.
Upton, r. g.
Bean, Holmes, r. t.
Harvey, Stanley, r. e.
Holmes, q. b.
Carlson, l. h. b.
Stanley, Maher, r. h. b.
Dyer, f. b.

LEAVITT.
r. e., Shurtleff
r. t., Hall
r. g., Watts
c., Johnson
l. g., Ross
l. t., Dorr
l. e., Packard
q. b., Irish
r. h. b., French
l. h. b., Lindsay
f. b., Parker

Score: Leavitt 22, Gould's 0.

Time: 15 minute halves.

Referee—Merrill. Umpire—Babcock.

HEBRON ACADEMY 23, GOULD'S ACADEMY 0.

On Oct. 20, the foot-ball team went to Hebron and played the Hebron Academy eleven. The boys were entertained very cordially, and enjoyed themselves immensely. They hope for an opportunity to entertain the Hebron boys in Bethel next year. The game resulted in a score of 23 to 0, in Hebron's favor. The line-up was:

GOULD'S.
Brooks, Richardson, r. e.
L. Holmes, r. t.
Upton, r. g.
Watson, c.
Davis, l. g.
Saunders, l. t.
Cushman, l. e.
Maher, W. Holmes, q. b.
Stanley, r. h. b.
Carlson, l. h. b.
Dyer, f. b.

HEBRON.
l. e., Taylor
l. t., Philbrick
l. g., Uppwall
c., Spurling
r. g., Robinson
r. t., Schoppie
r. e., Moody
q. b., Hammond
l. h. b., William
r. h. b., Bartlett
f. b., Senior

Score: Hebron 23, Gould's 0.

Time: 20 and 15 minute halves.

Referee—Whitman. Umpire—Merrill.

Timekeepers—Mason and Shurtleff.

GORHAM 0, GOULD'S ACADEMY 17.

The team won the first victory of the season from the Gorhams, at Riverside Park on Wednesday, Oct. 24. It was a well played

game, and resulted in a score of 17 to 0, in Gould's favor. The line-up was:

GOULD'S.	GORHAM.
Cushman, l. e.	r. e., Schandler
Saunders, l. t.	r. t., King
Stanley, l. g.	r. g., Coolong, Willey
Watson, c.	c., Hale
Upton, r. g.	l. g., Brown
Grover, r. t.	l. t., Hilborn
Richardson, r. e.	l. e., Culhane
Maher, Holmes, q. b.	q. b., Hall
Dyer, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Marble
Merrill, Brooks, Maher, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Conroy
Carlson, f. b.	f. b., Towle

Score: Gould's 17, Gorham 0.

Time: 15 min. halves.

Touchdowns: Saunders, Carlson 2.

Goals: Dyer 2.

Referee—Hastings. Umpire—Berwick,
Timekeeper—Mason.

SOUTH PARIS H. S., 0. GOULD'S ACADEMY, 16.

Gould's fought another victorious and decisive battle on the girdiron at Riverside Park, on Saturday, Oct. 27, with South Paris High School. The work of G. A. was the best, on the whole, of anything during the season, thus far. South Paris held the ball only a few times, and at no time seriously threatened G. A.'s goal. The line-up was:

GOULD'S.	SOUTH PARIS.
Cushman, l. e.	r. e., McAllister
Saunders, l. t.	r. t., Salisbury
Holmes, Thurston, l. g.	r. g., Curtis
Watson, c.	c., Bonney
Upton, r. g.	l. g., Tufts
Bean, r. t.	l. t., Kinney
Richardson, r. e.	l. e., McArdle
Holmes, q. b.	q. b., Eaton
Dyer, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Chase
Brooks, Stanley, r. h. b.	l. h. b., H. Hibbard
Carlson, f. b.	f. b., W. Hibbard

Score: Gould's, 16. South Paris, 0.

Time: 20 and 15 min. halves.

Touchdowns: Dyer, Upton, Richardson.

Goals: Dyer.

Referee—Wilson. Umpire—Merrill. Time-keepers—Mason and Wheeler.

Linesmen—Stanley and Bean.

SOUTH PARIS H. S., 0. GOULD'S ACADEMY, 6.

On Saturday, Nov. 3, the return game at South Paris was played. It was a much better game than the previous one, but G. A. still held first honors. Both teams played hard, with seeming determination to win, but Gould's plays were heavier and far more effective. Her goal was not threatened seriously during the whole game. The line-up was:

GOULD'S.	SOUTH PARIS.
Richardson, r. e.	l. e., Monk
Bean, r. t.	l. t., Kinney
Upton, r. g.	l. g., Merrill
Watson, c.	c., Bean
Davis, l. g.	r. g., Curtis, Salisbury
Saunders, l. t.	r. t. H. Hibbard
Cushman, l. e.	r. e., Curtis
Maher, q. b.	q. b., Eaton
Brooks, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Chase
Dyer, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Fuller
Carlson, f. b.	f. b., W. Hibbard

Score: Gould's, 6. S. P. H. S., 0.

Time: 15 min. halves.

Touchdowns: Carlson.

Goals: Dyer.

Referee—Gray. Umpire—Currier.

EXCHANGES.

We are pleased to notice several new exchanges on our table, and we trust the number will continue to increase with each issue of the HERALD. We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following since our last issue:

The Stranger, Rumford Falls Spray, Good Will Record, Bates Student, Pharaetra, Ariel, Racquet, Aegis, Washington Academy Herald, Chronicle, Angelus, Amaracus, Breccia, Wreath, E. S. N. S. Echo.

Some of the above have not sent copies of their last issue, but we hope they have not forgotten us.

Those who are at all superstitious will find a well written article on Superstition, in the Stranger.

The Good Will Record is one of our best Exchanges, and is always read with interest by the students of G. A.

Through the kindness of Mr. E. H. Pratt, one of our former teachers, we have a copy of the B. I. F. Record, published by the students of the Berkshire Industrial School, Canaan Four Corners, New York.

We are interested to see, for the first time, a copy of the Maine High School, a neat well-edited paper, published at Auburn, by representatives of the different Maine High Schools.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

—Denham.

The noblest spur unto the sons of fame
Is thirst of honor.

—John Hall.

Gravity is the ballast of the soul,
Which keeps the mind steady.

—Fuller.

Learn to dissemble wrongs, to smile at injuries,
And suffer crimes thou want'st power to punish;
Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly;
Search and know all mankind's mysterious ways,
But trust the secret of thy soul to none:
This is the way,
This only, to be safe in such a world as this is.

—Rowe.

We could never learn to be brave and patient,
if there were only joy in this world.

Wisdom is better than rubies, and all things that may be desired are not to be compared to it.

—Bible.

Wet-Weather Talk.

It hain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y rain's my choice.

Men giner'ly, to all intents—
Although they're apt to grumble some—
Puts most their trust in Providence,
And takes things as they come—
That is, the commonality
Of men that's lived as long as me,
Has watched the world enough to learn
They're not the boss of this concern.

In this existunce, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little skift o' cloud'll shet
The sun off now and then,—
And maybe, whilse you're wundern who
You've fool-like lent your umbrell' to,
And want it—out'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you hain't got none.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Stout Old Lady and the Man.

He rushed into the car—
The crowded car—and ere
The stout old lady who
Had dropped her fare
Recovered it he took the only seat
That had been vacant there.
She grabbed a strap and stood
Before him while
The car lurched on and on,
Mile after mile.
She looked down at him and
He gazed away;
He sat, she had to stand—
There's more to say.

The scene had changed: A maiden fair
Plays lightly on a sweet guitar;
Her cheeks are red and on her breast
A bunch of fragrant roses are.
He comes at last; she greets him and
Then leads him where
Her mama waits, half buried in
Her easy chair.
A stout old lady glances up,
He bows, and then—
They both remember how and when
They met before!—
Diverging ways,
A sad goodnight.
It sometimes pays
To be polite.

—Selected.



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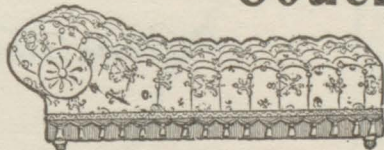
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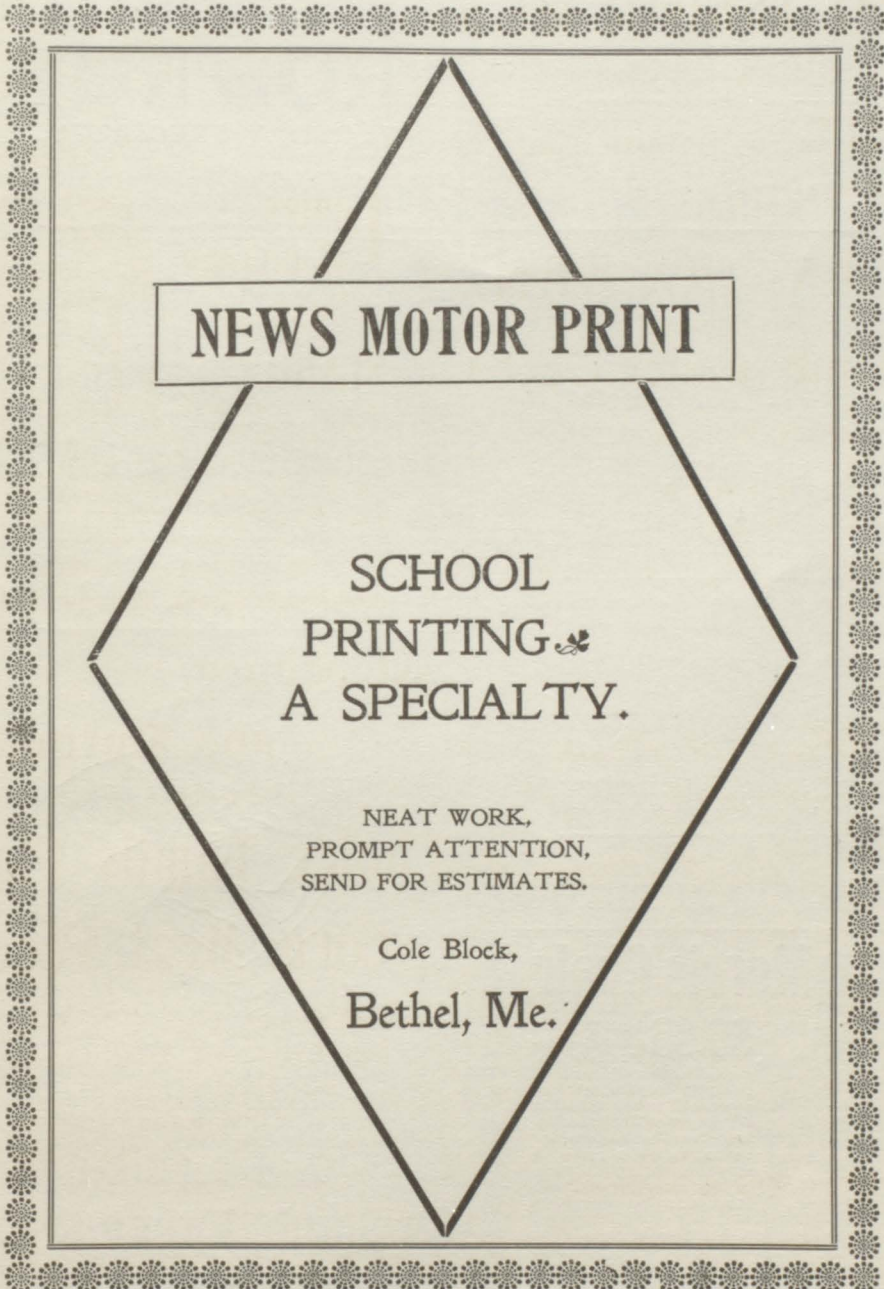
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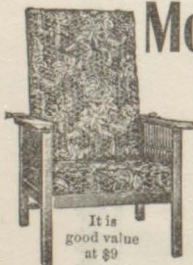
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